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UNITY

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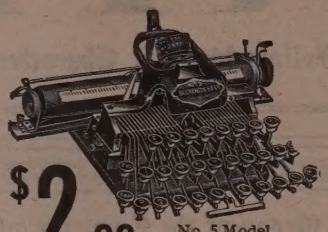

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXVIII THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1916 NUMBER 14

THE AUTUMN WOODS.

Today I walk the somber autumn ways
Where fade the lurid leaves but lately blown
Beneath my feet. The melancholy moan
Of vagrant winds, the faint blue haze
That lies along the hills, the light that plays
In yellow streams on field and tree and stone,—
All these are mournful for a summer flown,
And sad with portents of gray winter days.

Though crimson leaves are sunk in rain and mold,
And bleak the barren hillsides loom afar,
Though birds wing southward, and the evening star
Shines lonely o'er the sunset, clear and cold,
Yet there remains this comfort for mine eye,—
Against the naked boughs, a wider sky.

RICHARD WARNER BORST.

Particular attention is called to the announcement of the South Side Forum, which is to be a companion movement with the West Side Forum, which has held successful Sunday evening meetings for several years. The Rev. Fred A. Moore, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer on the West Side, is to have sole direction of the two ventures. See announcement, page 225.

The article by Mr. Smeathley on "An English Anti-Militarist Poet," will command more than passing interest. The imprisonment of such a man for refusing to take up arms in the war, by such a government as England's is a shock to those who believe in progress and civilization. His religious views, his poems, and his advocacy of freedom of conscience, are such as command the attention of UNITY readers.

We are suspicious of indirect money-making in the interest of the charities and missionary activities of the world, believing that these direct claims ought to be met directly as honest claims should be met. A ticket to a lecture or a dance is a poor way of discharging one's debts for the higher goods of life. In spite of this prejudice, we can but rejoice in the marvelous triumph of the pretty little Christmas seals in the interest of the fight against the great white plague. The "trade" in these stamps netted last year in the United States $760,000. In Chicago alone, $31,025 were expended and no one was consciously the poorer, while the contents of the mail-bag were brightened. The appeal before us says that $300 pays for the care and treatment of a tubercular patient at a standard sanitorium, while it costs $40,000 to kill a soldier in Europe. This tells the whole story!

"'Dry' Laws Bring Increased Taxes and More Crime." This is the headline from the last bulletin of the "Publicity Department" of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, with office in Cincinnati. Go tell it to the marines! All the facts and figures spread abroad throughout the world disprove the wild assertion. No one believes that the "dry" law will bring the millennium, but no one knows better than the saloon keepers themselves that it points in that direction, and that it behooves those who would do a law-abiding business to sell out or give away his saloon and end all connection therewith if for no other cause than that it is not going to be a profitable business, even when existing laws are enforced. It cannot be repeated too often: a law-abiding saloon is a financial fallacy, it is a losing business and bankruptcy is bearing down upon every saloon that will refuse to sell to minors, exclude women, prohibit gambling and respect the hour and holiday limitations.

A year ago this very day (December 4, 1915) the Editor and the Assistant Editor of UNITY embarked on the Oscar II on that peace mission that has been so ridiculed, so misrepresented, so misunderstood and misinterpreted. The expedition afforded the newspapers of America unlimited opportunity to exploit yellow journalism, and still that expedition is an event in history to be reckoned with. It has been laughed out of countenance over and over again but not out of existence. The time has not come when the American people are sufficiently serious to study the event, and the evidence is not all in. Of the hundred and twenty or more who joined that expedition at least four have perhaps paid the penalty of the strenuous voyage. Be that as it may, they have passed into the silences which command respect: Lloyd Bingham, Maxwell Harvey Swain, Hiram N. Wheeler and Mrs. Inez Milholland Bossevain. Not all the newspaper men and women joined that expedition to scoff. Many of them found the passing experiences more than mere newspaper sensation. Among those to whom was given the gift of appreciation were Mr. and Mrs. John E. Jones of the "United States Press Association," Bond Building, Washington, D. C. We print in another column Part I of the story which Mr. Jones has contributed to this Association and which will be widely reproduced in the papers served by this syndicate. We reproduce it for the information it carries and for the fairmindedness it represents.

The "great dailies" and "leading business men" have taken up with great fierceness the post-election clamor for general military service, and urge the same by extravagant denunciation of the present militia system, dwelling with inflamed rhetoric upon the failure of the voluntary system. There is consternation in the above "patriotic circles," caused by the hesitancy on the part of the returned volunteers to re-enlist under recent provisions. The reason assigned for this hesitancy is a lack of patriotism, an unwillingness on the part of the young men of the United States to rally round the colors in an emergency. On this theory, the demand for compulsory military service may be justified; but what if the cause of the hesitancy of those men who have been on the border should be attributed to a growing intelligence as the result of the experience. The glamour has been removed, the mask torn aside, and they have caught a glimpse of war in its native hideousness. They have seen behind the brass buttons, gold lace and bass drums and have detected the demoralizing tendencies in an army—any army. What if these boys, who have been at the front, spite of all the clamor for preparedness, begin to glimpse a better way, to understand more fully the logic of democracy and the truer way to peace. The intelligence that chills volunteer enlistment will empty compulsory military service of any ethical enthusiasm. It may make efficient gunsmen, but that is not the way to make loyal citizens. You can't make a war power out of the United States by acts of Congress. You cannot make soldiers even by compulsory discipline or enforced encampments. There is a much shorter way of safe-guarding the dignity of our flag, and that is by making war itself impossible, eliminating the cannon from the national belt as the revolver and the dirk have been removed from the belt of the adventurous citizen. Even the war-lords are leaving off their swords when they appear in party dress.

Notwithstanding UNITY's regret over the exclusion of men in general, it rejoices over the work of the Woman's Peace Party in particular, which meets in second annual meeting in Washington, December 8-10. The convention headquarters will be at the New Ebbitt Hotel and all its sessions will be held in the White Parlor. Miss Addams will preside. On Sunday afternoon, December 10th, the main meeting will be held in the Belasco Theatre. The program as printed is an attractive one. On Friday, 10 a. m., there will be a roll call by states. In the afternoon there will be a discussion of Congressional Program, including the possibility of a joint commission of experts representing Japan, China and the United States; the possibility of Federal control of aliens; the possibility of a third Hague Conference; such legislation as will compel investors of capital in foreign lands to invest at their own risk. Of course the Army Reorganization Bill will come in for consideration. Friday night, Military Training in Public Schools will be discussed by Mrs. William Hull of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Frederick Holt of Michigan and others. Saturday, 4 p. m., routine and new business, with a reception to officers and delegates at the residence of Mrs. W. Thompson Burch. Saturday evening Miss Ida Tarbell will introduce a discussion on The War in Relation to the High Cost of Living. At the Sunday afternoon Theatre Mass Meeting, Professor Emily Greene Balch will discuss "Action by Neutrals to Shorten the War"; Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, "A Citizen Army"; Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, "Education in Patriotism"; Miss Grace Abbott, "The American Union Against Militarism," and Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, "The War Settlement." This is a program of great interest to all citizens and the men may well sit at the feet of these women and listen while they bring trained minds to the discussion of hot questions.

A Faithful Shepherd of Souls

Fifty-six years spent in an unbroken Chicago pastorate! In 1860 Charles Edward Cheney, a young man just from school, came west to take charge of a little mission church in this crude, chaotic, wildly materialistic city. People were drunk with prosperity which then, as now, overflowed all boundaries, outgrew all adventures; every building and most schemes connected therewith were no sooner completed than they were outgrown. But this young man took his ordination vows *seriously;* he accepted his vocation *for life,* that of being the shepherd of souls. Like Paul, his program was: "This one thing I do."

The other day the fifty-six years came to an end, abruptly. His harness was still on him. His eighty-third year found him vigorous, full of work, and when the summons came, he said to his colleague with the remarkable voice as clear, strong and loud as ever: "I think the end is near, and I am very happy." And well he might be, for, to use his own phrase, "His grave will be watered by the tears of the poor, and little children will grow up to call him blessed."

Bishop Cheney was a widely read man, a diligent student, not wanting in literary power. At one time he did a little theological reforming, but the advance made appears now to an outsider a negligible quantity. As Brooke Herford once said, "The Reformed Episcopal Church advanced a quarter of an inch, and then camped down again." Probably the "schism" which Dr. Cheney led would now be impossible or unjustifiable when the whole prayer-book and the

Thirty-nine Articles thrown in is declared capable of mystical interpretation, and is retained as poetry when it fails as dogma, and rationalists who cannot say it find they can sing it in chorus, as Phillips Brooks once suggested.

But not as a theologian or a reformer, or man of letters, not even as a preacher, has the name of Bishop Cheney been made a household word through successive generations of Chicago worshippers. He was a Sunday School man, his ministry with the children as regular and as dignified as that with the elders. He was a man of missions; in the byways, "beyant the tracks," in the stock yards districts, and elsewhere, was his personality extended into little homely missions in improvised halls. He was a visiting pastor; his face was familiar on the by-streets and his visiting reached into the alleys. Not what he said, not what he believed, not what he published, but what he was, the kindly, earnest, modest, tender disciple of his Master, made him beloved far beyond the reformed episcopacy of which he was Senior Bishop.

Last Sunday afternoon there was a remarkable memorial meeting held in the old church. The large auditorium was crowded, and ministers of many faiths were seated on the platform. The Right Reverend Samuel Fallows, who succeeds in the seniority of the Reformed Episcopal Church, presided. A few simple hymns, old-fashioned and universal, were sung. A beloved lay parishioner, Johnston Myers of the Baptist Church, Doctor McClure, a Presbyterian, Doctor James S. Stone of the Episcopal Church, Reverend James M. Gray, and Reverend Samuel M. Gibson, his colleague and successor, paid their simple, plain tribute to the faithful pastor, and the words of these neighbors found tearful response throughout the large audience.

The methods of Bishop Cheney and those of the Editor of UNITY differed widely. Perhaps their theological views were incompatible; but the Pastor of All Souls Church was justified in accepting the invitation to occupy a seat on the platform, and he felt at home in that clerical company met to do honor to a sincere man. For thirty-six years the pastor of All Souls and the Rector of Christ Church have worked side by side. Their fields overlapped. Even their constituencies interlocked, but there was a huge domain which they occupied in common; common tasks, common discouragements and common purposes kept them so busy that in their contact they never reached the boundaries of their overlapping fields.

Memorial resolutions are oftentimes, alas, inflated and padded, but those adopted by the Chicago Church Federation and read at this meeting were genuine and were endorsed as simple truth by that large concourse of people who had gathered to do honor to a man that by virtue of discriminating elimination, on account of the things he did not try to do, the privileges and opportunities from which he turned away, was enabled to do so much hard work and good work through fifty-six years of active ministry in this turbulent metropolis which has prematurely wrecked so many pastorates and broken so many pastors. He remained strong, healthy, happy to the end. He worked out the equation of a long life successfully by the process of cancellation, by "casting out" the unimportant or secondary elements in the problem.

The Editor of UNITY has lost another comrade in the field, which, though teaming with life, is a little more lonely.

Said the Federation of Ministers:

> With faith that never weakened, with zeal that knew no tiring, with courage clear-eyed and unshrinking, with vision of future achievements, with tolerance for honest dissent, with generosity which went to the extreme of self-sacrifice, and with a gentleness of manner which captivated all who knew him, he was a tower of strength to the forces of righteousness and a kindling flame of enthusiasm to all workers in the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

A Meeting of Protest

A mass meeting was held at the Friends Church, 4413 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, last Sunday afternoon, in behalf of the "Conscientious Objector," who is being subjected to such indignities and cruelties at the hands of even humane and civilized England.

The call also invited a protest against military training in public schools. Professor Clyde Allee of Lake Forest College opened the discussion and stated the case conservatively, drawing his information from the most authentic sources, particularly from the article by Henry W. Nevinson in the November *Atlantic Monthly,* entitled "The Conscientious Objector."

We suspect that it was a surprise, even to intelligent readers of newspapers, to learn that thirty English citizens are now awaiting the death penalty, unless the sentence to be shot for treason for the crime of refusing to bear arms be commuted, as has been the case in some instances, to ten years penal servitude.

Professor T. A. Jenkins of the University of Chicago, Reverend Henry Matchett of the Friends Church, William G. Hibbard, Harold Townsend, Secretary of the Chicago Peace Society, and the Editor of UNITY were the other speakers.

It was most fitting that the meeting should be held in a Friends' meeting house and under the auspices of the Quakers, for they have always occupied the only consistent and efficient anti-war attitude. They have claimed that war, *per se,* is a relic of barbarism to be removed by civilization and Christianity. They believe that war itself is wrong, and that the fruits of war are always "Apples of Sodom." However attractive they may appear on the outside, within they are but dust and ashes.

It came out in the discussion that the ranks of the conscientious objectors in England are being recruited from other sources than the Quakers. Many socialists, humanitarians, salvationists, men of science, and teachers of religion, have come to a sense of loyalty to law which prefers to accept the penalty rather than to conform to a law that runs contrary to their sense of right and duty.

It is an old story but always pertinent: When William Penn asked of George Fox permission to wear his sword a little longer, out of respect to his military family relations and out of a certain poetical sense of obligation, although he had espoused the religious principles of Fox.

"William, wear it as long as thee can," was the reply of Fox.

When next they met, some time after, Penn was without his sword.

"Where is thy sword?" asked George.

"I wore it as long as I could, George," was the reply.

This is the situation of growing multitudes. They still wear the sword, from traditional habit and prudential motives, but the time is bearing down upon them when they can "wear it no longer," and, like William Penn, they will lay it aside for a greater power.

The following resolutions were passed at this timely and significant meeting:

IN RELIEF OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

WHEREAS, Authentic information has reached this country that many Englishmen who, because of religious scruples, have refused to take any part in the war against Germany, are being subjected to harsh and cruel treatment at the hands of the military authorities, blows, insults, imprisonment and forced penal labor being the least of their sufferings for conscience sake; and

WHEREAS, It appears that the civil authorities are now either unwilling or unable to extend even the minimum of protection promised to conscientious objectors in the Military Service Act of January, 1916; and

WHEREAS, All experience shows that attempts on the part of civil or religious authority to coerce the personal conscience which takes its stand upon a religious principle have been useless in effect, degrading to the participants and disastrous to the best interests of the nation; therefore, be it

Resolved, That as members of the Christian brotherhood which overlooks the accidents of race and country, we condemn those cruelties as a revival of religious persecution under the false plea of military necessity, as utterly unworthy of the glorious traditions of England, and as full of menace to the rights of conscience the world over; and be it further

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to the Governor of this State, to the President of the United States, and to members of the English Parliament who are now vainly opposing these encroachments of the military upon the rightful powers of the civil government.

OPPOSED TO MILITARY TRAINING.

WHEREAS, The European war has caused a panicky fever of war preparation in this country, one feature of which is a demand on the part of military leaders that time be set aside in the public schools for the military training of children of school age; and

WHEREAS, Whatever measure of preparedness this country may need to resist possible aggression from abroad is rather in organization of economic resources and in better physical training of both boys and girls; and

WHEREAS, It is of immense importance for the future of this country that its young people should ever be taught to rely, not upon force and coercion, but upon law and justice as the most practical, enlightened and least wasteful means of settling disputes; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we favor the introduction in our schools of increased provision for physical training and for drills such as shall aid in teaching respect for authority and the value of co-operation in effort, yet we are firmly opposed to any instruction in military tactics or in the use of fire-arms; and further

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to the public press, to Francis G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Education; to John D. Shoop, Superintendent of Schools for Cook County, and to each member of the Board of Education of the City of Chicago.

Dawning Light in Dark Diplomacy

Perhaps no more significant declaration has been made, bearing upon the prospect of peace, than the semi-official communication of Count Bernstorff of the German Embassy at Washington to the Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, General Secretary of the Federation of Churches. We can make no better use of our space than to publish this communication in full. The sentiments here set forth by the Chancellor of the German Empire are strikingly like those developed in H. G. Wells' novel, "Mr. Brittling Sees it Through." There can be little doubt that the cry of the trenches is becoming more and more audible, day by day. Whatever of bitterness and bumptious conceit on one's own side and extravagant hatred of the other side, based upon the untenable theory that the other side was debauched by the war passion and was aflame with vicious hatreds and guilty of unpardonable crimes, characterized the early days of the war, as, indeed, they characterize the early days of all war, has long since been worn out in the minds and hearts of those "at the front." When the soldiers in the ranks have discovered kindred fortitude and heroism, and have exchanged tendernesses and mutual courtesies, they cease to think and feel in terms of nationality and geographical boundaries, and even the more profound distinction of language grows superficial. They find that there is no need of an interpreter or of a pocket dictionary to interpret a groan, a smile, a tear or a hunger. When armless men meet, they yearn for the hands of which they have been deprived, if only for the purpose of a mutual handshake.

These sentiments of the German Chancellor should be widely circulated in the council chambers of the allies, for they speak the conviction of rational Europe today. If, as so many still fondly hope, war is a grim teacher of Christianity and the battle field a rough training school in religion, now is the time to try it out.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 16, 1916.

Kaiserlich Deutsche Botschaft,
German Embassy,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Dr. McFarland:

In your favor of October 24th you kindly inform me that you had been requested by the Executive Committee of the

League to Enforce Peace to use your good offices in securing such a statement as might be made by His Excellency Herr von Jagow, or by the Chancellor, either as representing the German Government, or as expressing their own feeling or the feeling of the German people relative to a League of Nations, such as is proposed by the League to Enforce Peace.

I am glad to be able to inform you that the Chancellor of the German Empire has authorized me to transmit to you the following extracts of the speech which His Excellency delivered on the 9th instant before the Committee on Ways and Means of the German Parliament.

"We have never concealed our doubts with regard to the question whether peace could be permanently guaranteed by such international organizations as Arbitration Courts. I shall, however, at this place not discuss the theoretical aspects of the problem, but we must now and at the time of the conclusions of peace from the point of view of facts define our position with regard to this question. When at and after the end of the war the World will become fully conscious of its horrifying destruction of life and property, then through the whole of mankind will ring a cry for peaceful arrangements and understandings which, as far as lies in human power, shall avoid the return of such a monstrous catastrophe. This cry will be so powerful and so justified that it must lead to some result. Germany will honestly co-operate in the examination of every endeavor to find a practical solution of the question, and will collaborate to make its realization possible. This all the more, if the war, as we expect and trust, will create political conditions which do full justice to the free development of all nations, the small ones as well as the great nations. Then it will be possible to realize the principles of justice and free development on land and of the freedom of the seas. The first condition for evolution of international relations by way of arbitration and peaceful compromise of conflicting interests should be that no more aggressive coalitions are formed in future. Germany will at all times be ready to enter a league for the purpose of restraining the disturbers of peace."

The above official declaration of the German Government is so explicit that I would only spoil its effect by adding anything to it on my own part, with the exception of the wish that the hopes of the Imperial Chancellor may soon be realized.

I remain, my dear Dr. McFarland, with kindest regards,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. BERNSTORFF.

A WOMAN'S THANKS.

There is so much strong men are thankful for—
A nation's progress or a slow strife's end;
And though I join my praise with theirs to-day
Grave things are these I scarce can comprehend,
So vast are they;
And so, apart, dear God, I pray Thee take
My thanks for these, Thy little blessing's sake.

The little, common joys of every day;
My garden, blowing in an April wind,
A linnet's greeting and the morning fall
Of happy sunshine through the opened blind,
The poplars tall
That guard the threshold and the peace that falls
Like Sabbath stillness from my humble walls.

The little simple joys that we forget
Until we lose them;—for the lamp that lights
The pages of the books I love the best,
The hearth's red welcoming on winter nights.
The kindly jest
That moves within the circle, and the near
Companionship of those the heart holds dear.

The dear, accustomed joys we lightly take
Too much for granted sometimes, as a child
His father's gifts; and so remembering,
For these my thanks, for these thy treasures piled.
Each simple thing
Those wiser may forget, dear Father take
My thanks for these, Thy little blessing's sake.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

Henry Ford, Doer of Deeds

PART I.

The world does not care much because Henry Ford is at the head of the largest automobile manufacturing business ever created. Giants in industrial achievement are of no lasting importance in the public mind, as is evidenced by the lack of concern over the affairs of the Rockefellers, the Du Ponts, Morgan, Schwab, and a thousand other heads of tremendous industrial and financial enterprises. Had not Carnegie given away millions to erect public libraries, his fame as the "iron master" would be little more than a remembrance by now. John D. Rockefeller is the richest man in the world, but he could die and go somewhere tomorrow and his name would not remain upon the lips of men because of his success in industrial life. The millions that he has set aside for the purposes of the Rockefeller Foundation may establish for the man a place in permanent history. But if such should happen to be the case, it will be due to the wisdom of the men in charge of the trust. Rockefeller will be remembered, if at all, because of his ability to out-distance the Count of Monte Cristo in paying big prices.

A few years ago the country trembled whenever J. Pierpont Morgan, Senior, had a bad cold, or lost his temper. And yet Morgan today is almost forgotten by the general public, except for the fact that he bought great art treasures and stored them in a public gallery where the people may go and look at them.

When one reads of the great wealth of Henry Ford, it sounds like the story of Aladdin and his lamp. How he piled up his Midas-like accumulations cannot be calculated by applying the yard-stick of modern business to the problem.

Last year the Ford Motor Company made a profit of about $59,000,000. What of it?

Henry Ford was a plain mechanic a few years ago, and pieced together his first dinky, little auomobile. Thereby he achieved respectability as an inventor. But that was not unusual!

The Ford organization may turn out a million cars next year, or the year after. It will be a remarkable achievement. After all, it does not amount to much in a country where the slaughtering and packing establishments have products valued at a billion and a half dollars a year, and where there are foundries and machine shops that will turn out two billion dollars' worth of manufactured articles during 1916. In a land that raises nearly $500,000,000 worth of tobacco annually, to be chewed and smoked, any mere accomplishment characterized in dollars and cents is not calculated to startle the popular imagination. The simple fact is interesting, however, that Henry Ford does not use tobacco, and he hates booze.

We are told that Mr. Ford might never have been prominent at all had he not attained great wealth. Agreed! But somehow the public wants to know more about him, and the press, hostile for a long time, has capitulated.

When the famous Peace Ship crossed the ocean a year ago, the *National Magazine* of Boston, *The Independent* and *The Survey* of New York, were the only magazines of general circulation in the country to open

their columns to accounts of the Ford trip. Many pussy-footed church papers cooed the slander heaped on the Ford movement, that was intended to help restore the principles that Christ taught. The UNITY of Chicago, a non-sectarian publication, was a remarkable exception.

Witness the change of front: The principal magazines in the United States now have their star writers waiting on Henry Ford's doorstep for opportunities to get a personal word from him, to incorporate in their stories of "How Henry Ford impressed Tom, Dick and Harry."

In E. H. Sothern's great play, "If I Were King," emphasis is given to the line: "A man has come to Court." It might be said in the case of Henry Ford that "A man has become a multi-millionaire, but he still remains a man."

In one of the principal financial reviews published in a New York magazine last month, there appeared an article showing the great sums Henry Ford might make if he would only put the stock of his company on the market and sell it to the public, as has been done by other manufacturers, who have watered their goods and drowned investors in motor stocks. What Henry Ford thinks of all this is illustrated by his characterization of Wall Street: "The people are onto them," he said—and let it go at that.

Henry Ford believes in the working man, and he is the one great employer in the United States who has refused to compromise his belief that the wages of his employes should be raised from $3 to $5 a day, by splitting the difference with his conscience and giving them $4. This amount would no doubt have been just as joyously received as the larger sum of $5. The voluntary partnership Henry Ford has entered into with his laborers will cost his concern more than $20,000,000 this year. But he does not ask any credit for it. Mr. Ford talks a good deal in short sentences, and is inclined to dismiss conversation on this subject by declaring that "it pays."

PART II.

When the Peace Ship crossed the Atlantic, all of the people aboard were anxious to establish personal acquaintanceship with their host. Nearly all the "pilgrims" were strangers to each other, and two or three days out from New York the discovery was made that a long, lank, lean, hungry individual, who had occupied hours of Mr. Ford's time, belonged to the brood commonly known as "bores." Mr. Ford stood for it uncomplainingly, but when the truth was realized, there were plenty of people to find ways to prevent a continuance of the imposition. And Henry Ford's only comment was: "He seems to be a nice gentleman." A stowaway on the same ship was sent below by the captain, to peel potatoes. Mr. Ford looked up the boy, paid his fare and put him on a pay roll. Quite frequently Mr. Ford was missed at the regular meals served in the dining cabin, and inquiry developed the fact that he was making a practice of eating with the steerage passengers because he "liked them and their plain cooked food."

I recall one night a year ago—at the time when the New York newspaper men were "burning up the wireless" lying about the "quarrel" on the Peace Ship. We were considerably wrought up that night, but there was at least one man in the party whose mind worked normally. That man was Mr. Ford. I do not believe it any breach of confidence to relate an incident. Mr. Ford's New York manager, Gaston Plantiff, was standing at my side in the pressroom, where many of the interesting events of the voyage were pulled off. A messenger came in asking him to go at once to the Ford cabin. The next time I met Mr. Plantiff he remarked: "What do you suppose Mr. Ford wanted me for?" I answered that I could not imagine the reason. "Well," he replied, "when I reached him Mr. Ford said, 'I have been thinking that it would be better if we could make the main casting of our new farm tractor in one piece.' Now, don't you see," suggested Mr. Plantiff to me at this time, "that Mr. Ford's brain is a regular trip-hammer. He has all his great business affairs on his mind. At the same time he is intensely anxious about this expedition. But it's too much of a loafing job for him, and I have an idea that he is likely to be a sick man, as he cannot stand this sort of a life. He ought to go home."

Sure enough, Mr. Ford was in a serious condition before the ship reached Norway, and his business associates on the trip properly insisted that he must return to Detroit.

On another occasion I met Mr. Ford on deck and he outlined his plan for a model railroad. He declared that by using the highest quality of steel in the building of cars and equipment, the cost of operation could be reduced to such an extent that the railways would be enabled to make big money on the present standard of rates.

Evidently Henry Ford has a larger capacity than the people who boast of having "single track" minds.

I have heard that while the Ford party was in Norway, Mr. Ford broke off an appointment to meet one of the principal officials of the government, simply because "he didn't want to be bothered that day." I do not know whether this is true or not, but it sounds reasonable. From all accounts, he wouldn't go across the hall to see a king, prince or potentate unless he felt in the mood. Henry Ford is charged with being an idealist. In 1916 that is a complimentary term. "I confess," he says, "I do not know how it is best to undertake this work in an organized manner." He continues:

"I realize it is a vast undertaking. Yet I want to see this nation and all of the nations of the earth nourishing that feeling, already deeply implanted in the minds and hearts of millions, which is expressed in the words: 'We do not want war. We will not have war. We will not have amongst us the breeders of war, be they men who cry out that the enemy seeks us, and we must prepare for him, or be they only those who would dazzle with the false glory that has been the cloak of murder for centuries.'

"The seed of this project is right here in the Ford organization, in hundreds of organizations throughout the country. We have to develop it and nourish its growth. The workshops, the farms, fair and just conditions, equitable prices and commercial unselfishness are the things we wish to improve."

That's a part of the Henry Ford doctrine. Most people will agree that it sounds reasonable!

Mark Hayler, Poems of an English Anti-Militarist

Whilst the leaders of the ill-fated Irish rebellion were largely intellectuals and endowed with the poetic gift of dreamers and idealists, the Anti-Military movement inspired by the No-Conscription Fellowship of Great Britain has also within its ranks very many young men whose literary and artistic ability is undoubted. These men have been largely recruited from the ranks of the Quakers, Socialists and advanced political thinkers of England. Some are as patriotic as any soldier, apart from the doctrine of violence as the means of settling international disputes. Others are essentially Internationalists with ties of relationship, friendship, or communion of thought in many lands. They have all been united only by their intense hatred of war viewed in its religious, social, political and economic aspects.

The No-Conscription Fellowship, now a "prohibited organization," was founded in London in the early days of the war. It is composed of young men of eligible military age and proclaims the sacredness of human life. They denied the right of governments to say "You *shall* bear arms" and announced that they would refuse from conscientious motives to take any part in warfare whatever. They would not take the military oath nor assume any responsibility for taking human life, preferring to suffer the consequences of their conscientious convictions rather than the command of governments. No movement of such a character had ever been attempted before and when conscription became an established fact in Great Britain the Fellowship had grown until it covered the entire country and numbered several thousands in its ranks.

It is interesting to note that in Russia the Tolstoi followers and others assumed a similar attitude whilst even in Germany Dr. Liebknecht has had a considerable support in his anti-war propaganda. In Great Britain as in Russia and Germany these Anti-Militarists have suffered for their opinions by arrest, imprisonment, exile and other persecution, in some cases death. In England well known anti-militarists in prison are Mr. C. H. Norman, Mr. Clifford Allen, Mr. Scott Duckers, Mr. Mark Hayler, Mr. Glen Hayler, Mr. Wilfrid Payne, Mr. E. J. Everett and others.

Amongst the thousands of cases of men before the tribunals and arrested subsequently, few cases have excited more interest than those of the three Hayler brothers. The eldest, Walter, secured total exemption from military service under the Conscience provisions of the Military Service Act, but the younger brothers, Mark and Glen, have both been arrested and court-martialled. Mark Hayler was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in Wandsworth Prison, London, and Glen Hayler to six months in Chelmsford Prison, Essex. They come of a family intimately associated with English political movements and their cases have been raised in the House of Commons and demands made for their liberation.

Mark Hayler was born at Hull, England, in 1887, and is therefore only 29 years of age. He was educated at Trevecca College, South Wales, for the ministry, but abandoned this intention largely from theological reasons just prior to the outbreak of the European War. He has always been an ardent social reformer and he was appointed to a position at the Liverpool Farm School for Delinquent Boys, remaining there until his arrest. He is a man of the people and his addresses on social reform in the towns and villages of Wales and Northern England in the last ten years have endeared him in the hearts of all his hearers. A forceful speaker, he has a rich strain of humor and pathos combined with a passionate love of nature, making him an interesting and appealing personality. Much of his life having been spent in the Lake District of Cumberland and amongst the mountains of Wales, he is essentially of the countryside. Having been brought face to face with the wilder manifestations of nature, the freedom of the hills has been manifest in most of his verse and his love of beauty and beauty of love is linked together with his advocacy of a practical Christianity amongst the people. He has always been an enthusiastic Pacifist and he made a plea for freedom of conscience in his poem written early in 1916.

If 'tis a lonely furrow that you tread,
Seek there contentment till the work is done;
Better, by far, in sorrow earn your bread
Than work without a conscience 'neath the sun.

Go on believing that each sod you turn
Teems with the life of which new days are born;
Better, by far, plough on with eyes that burn,
Than fail the Reaper on the Harvest Morn.

So shall your toil find sweetness at the end;
Through all the world your name be counted true;
Though you should lose the love of every friend
Better be reckoned with the Faithful few.

After his arrest and whilst still awaiting court-martial, he wrote the following verses in the Guard Room of the 12th Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment at Aldershot. They are entitled "When Forth We Went."

When forth we went we did not know
What perils we might have to face;
We scarce believed it could be so
When we the pathway turned to trace,
But ne'er forgetting why we went,
Accepted all that Heaven sent.

We did not know how hard the force;
How strong the faith to overthrow;
And looked for Love where dwelt remorse
In little knowledge of the foe;
But dared believe that we must win
Who walked the path Love travels in.

The prison bars seem very strong;
And small the space we were confined;
And life seemed all a giant wrong
With fears that were before, behind,
But cheered by something deep within
We trusted we would surely win.

Another poem, "The Waters of Forgetfulness," elicited much attention.

These Waters are for those who weary grow,
Who, having toiled amid the burdens of the day,
Who, having laboured in the heat of Heaven's glow,
Seek these to drink, and ask not if they may.

These Waters are for those who doubtful are,
Who, having looked above, have seemed to look in vain,
And who, in often gazing starward, saw no star,
Yet here may come to drink, to look again.

These Waters are for each disheartened one,
Who once with courage faced the toilsome strife to win,
Yet feared the battle more than could be fought and won,
And fell to rearward in the conflict's din.

And all of heartache, or of restless feet,
And all who sorrow with their faces from the East,
Or those of years who forced the setting sun to greet,
May drink, and drinking find their loads released.

Oh! dear still Waters which belay our fears,
We thank thee for this wondrous power to help and bless,
And as we journey onwards through the roll of years,
Befriend us! Waters of Forgetfulness.

Very much of Mark Hayler's verse has been found suitable for musical adaptation and has been fashioned into songs. This is quite in keeping with the temperament of its author who is a singer of some reputation and in 1912 was the composer of a song cycle, "The Lingering Melody," which was given at Trevecca College in Wales with much success. The first and last verses of "The Soul of the Violin" with music by Hugh Jones are:

O Violin, I tightly hold you,
And press with velvet cheek your face;
And while these hands of mine enfold you
Deep in your bosom do I trace,
All that you mean to me.
I know, dear Violin, you would hush me,
And bring the peace of Heaven nigh.
The cruel word, one day, might crush me,
And then, Violin, to thee I'll fly,
Since all your peace is mine.

The world might ask for things that glitter,
And follow them with wistful eye,
I fear, it turns all sweet to bitter,
But, Violin, you and I
Shall turn all hate to love.
How many a distant heart is pining
In homes made desolate by tears?
For love, where love has ceased its shining,
But you will bring the distant near
And with it, joy and love.

Dear Violin, 'twas you that sought me,
And journeyed with me on my way.
With roses strewing all the path before me
And turning every night to day
That you might lead me home.
O Violin, dont wonder why I hold you,
And press with velvet cheek your face.
Don't wonder why these hands enfold you,
For in your bosom do I trace
All that you mean to me.

Other songs are "In the Moon Light" and "Keep On, Keeping On," the verses of the latter showing a happy optimism and adherence to purpose.

Keep on smiling until the sun goes down,
Keep on smiling, and drive away the frown;
Keep on smiling, whatever be the day,
And your keeping on will pass the clouds away.
Keep on, keep on, whate'er your life may be,
Keep on, keep on, the ills take wings and flee
Keep on, keep on, and when your work is done,
Just by keeping on the goal, you will have won.
Keep on singing, the birds sing in the rain,
Keep on singing, the sun will shine again,
Keep on singing, what if you grow quite old,
And your keeping on will bring you joys untold.

Not only have his literary talents been expressed in verses but he is the author of many prose contributions to English literary societies and periodicals. A great lover of the work of Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," he has been a lecturer on him and his romances—the best of English rustic delineations.

The high ideals underlying the present Anti-Military movement in England is well emphasized in the following quotation from a letter written by Mark Hayler in prison:

I am glad I entered the fight. Glad I was eligible for such a conflict, because I feel that it will be more than worth while to future generations. The young men of today need such a foe as this (militarism) to face; it will give them an initiative finer than ever possessed by them before, and future movements toward democracy will hold greater chances of success when united with such qualities as we bring with us from the "war." Failure comes to those who only half believe in the future triumph. We *shall* win, although only half of us return to tell the tale. If Scott can give his life for scientific research which is satisfactory to the natural side of our existence, how much more is it necessary to spend and be spent in the service of the higher brotherhood which is the only side of life after all worthy of continuance. Seeing things as I now do from within, I am in no way deterred from the ideals I set up when outside; if anything, I see the consistency of such, intensified, and it appears a more noble thing to strive and to suffer since thus are all things worth while won. It is not the goal that gives luster to the path and light upon the way, it is the God-given success of each step that makes sure that goal. It is not how soon we shall win that counts, it is how long we can hold out against wrong. I feel that only those in like position to myself can fully understand this, though others will more than guess at its truth. We have only won partial success in times past because we have only half dared to believe we could not lose. When our life throbs with one passion, thrills with one pride, animated by one desire, upheld by one hope, the sacred flame of Freedom which pulsates in every soul, giving a stern but affectionate faith in each other, then no power on earth can ever hope to crush us. We shall win so long as we work for it; defeat follows in the footsteps of a lost hope and slackening efforts. I would appeal to those outside who are working so hard and splendidly for Peace that we shall not fail them here. We hold them to their trust as they hold us to ours; they will not fail us, we dare not fail them. Who lives if Freedom dies?

The eloquence of this appeal gives evidence of the vitality of the Peace movement which will assuredly be a strong factor in the reconstruction of Europe upon broader and more democratic lines than existed in the days previous to the outbreak of the present terrible conflict. G. B. SMEATHLEY.

RHYME OF THE COUNTRY ROAD.

Oh, the life one leads a-tramping,
Tramping a country road!
A-faring in gypsy fashion,
With never a gypsy's load;
Set free as the winds in springtime,
Heart-glad as the day is long,
Rejoicing in rain or sunshine,
In tune with the robin's song.

Oh, the green things one sees a-tramping,
The green, wild things that grow,
The gleam of the tall, red lily,
The tangle of ferns below,
The gay, glad life of the treetops,
The shadows that slowly fall,
The long, still slope of the meadows,
And God's sky over all!

Oh, the things one hears a-tramping,
The whisper of woodland trees,
The call of a hidden brooklet,
The murmur of sleepy bees,
The distant roll of the thunder,
The drip of the silver rain,
The startled rush of the squirrel,
The robin's note again!

Oh, the things one feels a-tramping,
The joy of the country road,
A-faring in gypsy fashion,
With never a gypsy's load;
Delight in the world of beauty,
A rapture of love and praise,
And a will to make life the truer
For this glory of common days!

—*Churchman.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Emerson

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

In spite of pedagogical limitations we have carried the story of religion into its seventh year of study, in a course the purpose of which is to gain the historic sense without which religion has no roots. We spent a year with primitive man assuming, what science unquestionably demonstrates, that humanity began on the earth way back and way down. In the life of the lowest type of men and women now on the globe, the baby races of today, we read the story of our ancestry.

Far back in the history of that primitive life we found religion blooming in the lives of a few great teachers, a few great systems, systems sufficiently developed to make rituals, scriptures and saints; seven or more great religions, our own included, which produced great bibles, great prayers, great hymns and great heroes.

Then we selected our own line of descent and spent a year with our mother religion, the Jewish, which gave us our own high scripture, ritual, saints and heroes in the literature and life of the Jew.

The Jewish religion is one of the most insular of religions; it tries to keep within itself; it undertook to preserve its purity by keeping out adulterating streams. But it eventually mingled with the life of the classic world, the great life of Greece and Rome. Something very interesting was the result. The genius of history stirred her caldron into which was poured Jewish freedom, thought and nobility, Greek philosophy and the life of the farther East. In the so-called Apocrapha, the product of that transitional period, we find a rich literature and a rich life.

In the New Testament we saw that same religion bloom into Christianity, and in the sixth year we followed that great force in its triumphal march through Europe, accomplishing the greatest conquest to be found in history. Christianity in Europe felled the forests, drained the marshes and changed the nomadic, half clothed and half fed life into the Europe of cathedrals, palaces and universities.

Now we come to the crowning year. We will begin with Luther and end with All Souls Church. For our purpose we have perhaps thirty great personalities, torch bearers, and while the philosopher knows that every personality has many influences back of him, we cannot afford to de-personalize such men as figure in this course. The list falls under thirteen different heads.

First. Orthodox Protestantism breaking from Catholicism and falling into Protestant sects under the leadership of at least eight great personalities: Erasmus, Luther, Henry the VIII, Calvin, Knox, the Puritans, George Fox and John Wesley.

The second general head: Protestantism as it developed into Liberal Christianity. The heroes of this division are Servetus, the Socinii, Laelius and Faustus, Francis David, Joseph Priestley, William Ellery Channing, Hosea Ballou and Theodore Parker.

In later years religion has been enlarged on new lines. The great science prophets, Copernicus, Newton, Lyell and Darwin unintentionally enlarged men's conceptions of religion.

Then follows the study of the enlargement of religion during these four hundred years by the skeptics themselves; the men who have become sufficiently divine to ask questions, to doubt tradition, to challenge authority. We will stay long enough with these men to feel their contribution: Voltaire, Rousseau, Paine and Huxley.

A mighty enlargement by literature is found in the writings of Shakespeare, Shelley, Wordsworth, Whittier and Browning. All of these men have made immense contribution to the religious thought and life of the world.

Perhaps a less attractive but none the less interesting enlargement comes through the advanced biblical study, which we call the Higher Criticism. As types of the men to whom we owe this enlargement we will take Hugo Grotius, Strauss and Renan.

An enlargement of the comparative study of religion has been made possible by men who went far from home and unexpectedly came upon golden treasures: Sir William Jones, Anquetil du Perron, Champollion and Max Mueller.

A splendid enlargement of our life and history, and one that has affected everybody, is the humanitarian movement, largely of the nineteenth century. The men who have unwittingly enlarged our conception of religion, not from the standpoint of reformers, but as religious students, are: John Howard, Samuel G. Howe, Dorothea Dix, Florence Nightingale, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Berge, Susan B. Anthony and Clara Barton.

Then there came that which is still mightily at work, the socialistic enlargement, the attempt to apply religion to human relations. Whether or not you are a socialist, socialism has a religious side, and the prophets of that movement, Owen, Ruskin, Henry George and Tolstoy belong in this study.

We owe much of the amelioration of dogma to Bishop Colenso, F. W. Robertson, Horace Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks.

The Prophets of Universal Religion form another division. The objective point of our seven years' course will be seen as we get acquainted with the contributions of Kant, Emerson and Martineau.

There has come in our day a new Catholicism, an attempt to find a common life in religion. The Catholic Church is synthetic. The Protestant movement is unwittingly analytic; it investigates, disputes, differs, until the church has become hopelessly divided into sects. The movement to correct this is represented on the orthodox side by the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., Women's Christian Temperance Union, and Christian Endeavor.

The new Catholicism among the Liberals has developed the Free Religious Association, Parliament of of Religions and the Congresses of Religion.

Lastly we come to the home application and ask where do All Souls Church and the Abraham Lincoln Centre belong in this scheme. Have we found ourselves?

THE BOOK TABLE

New Books

CONTEMPORARY POLITICS IN THE FAR EAST. Stanley K. Hornbeck. New York: 1916. D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. xiv, 466. Price, $3 net.

In the flood of American books which, within the last year, have dealt with foreign relations and international problems, few can compare in breadth of scope and care in preparation with Professor Hornbeck's "Contemporary Politics in the Far East." No other book covers quite the same ground. It deals exclusively with politics,—the politics of China and Japan and the relations of these to politics at large. The author has had the advantage of a five years' residence in the Orient, mainly in China, and speaks from close observation. He traces Chinese politics from the revolution of 1911 up to the present; it is a brief period but is crowded with events of world-significance, and seven chapters, full of valuable material, are necessary for the presentation. As to Japan —her rise to the position of a modern power is traced and a study made of her constitution and government, of her political parties and party politics. Parties and party politics as we know them are a recent development in Japan and can scarcely be said to be yet well established. Against these presentations of Japanese and Chinese politics as a background, our author pictures the relations of China and Japan to each other and to ourselves. Two vital questions into which he goes with fullness are the Open Door in China and the recent demands upon China. Recognizing that his field is a delicate one, in which expressions of personal opinion are particularly liable to be affected by prejudice and bias, he confines himself largely to the presentation of facts and the citation of original and official documents. Like all who have been in China and in close contact with Chinese, he seems at times to be somewhat anti-Japanese. This however should not offend the Japanese themselves. They should welcome and profit by so honest a criticism as he makes. His book deserves the most careful and thoughtful reading; it should be kept at hand for reference and detailed study. An interesting feature of the book is the section devoted to biographical sketches of some of the Chinese who have been conspicuous of recent years; it is material not always easy to find. So far as our own position is concerned, Prof. Hornbeck says: "We should endeavor in the present to safeguard the opportunities of the future. We should ask for nothing but what is just, giving due consideration to the rights and needs of all, demanding no special privileges for ourselves; but we should, on behalf of our own interests and of the cause of peace, frame our policies and practices with a view to the defence of the principles upon which we, along with the other powers, have agreed." There is no jingoism in such a statment; it is sane and reasonable.

FREDERICK STARR.

Young India

YOUNG INDIA? "An Interpretation and a History of the Nationalist Movement from Within," by Lajpat Rai, is a little book of 250 pages which Americans will read with sympathetic interest. The author has been actively connected with the new nationalist movement from the first. He has traveled widely, has visited America three times, studying her industrial, political and educational institutions. As editor of a daily paper, a magazine of note and lecturer he has had great influence in India. The watchwords of the Nationalists, mostly young men, are: "Swadeshi" (India-made goods) and "Swaraj" (self-government); and the movement has the support of the younger and educated classes of all India, with many sympathizers among the student classes of England. According to Lajpat Rai, the English government has consistently tried to stamp out this movement by the time-worn methods of arrest, imprisonment, confiscation of goods, laws against the use of explosives, the suppression of the radical press. But young India is impelled by great ideals of self-government; of an educational system that shall meet the need of India life; of a nation free to realize a future commensurate with its great past as seen by its own sons. Ideals like these fear not martyrdom and so the movement grows rapidly. Outwardly the great war seems to have brought the people of India into accord with the British government; Lajpat Rai thinks this only superficial, and says that when the war is over, when the people recall the sacrifices they have made for the British government, their demands for self-government will be insistent. (B. W. Huebsch, New York, $1.50.)

HARRY FOSTER BURNS.

A RIDE ON AIR.

Currents of air
That drive as they bear—
A whiz: and we're there.

Currents of thought
That work as they're wrought—
A flash and they're brought.

No absence, no space.
To the strong, the race.
Mind and man: what a brace.

"Poet Lore." —*Camille Fairchild.*

A LITTLE WAY.

A little way to walk with you, my own—
Only a little way.
Then one of us must weep and walk alone
Until God's day.

A little way! It is so sweet to live
Together, that I know
Life would not have one withered rose to give
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile
With thy heart far from mine,
'Twould be for joy that in a little while
They would be kissed by thine!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

CORRESPONDENCE

NEUTRALITY.

Editor of UNITY.

Dear Sir: Allow me to express my hearty assent to your recent paragraph about the neutrality of Holland, which forbade the exportation of munitions. I have felt from the beginning that, while our attitude toward this question might be strictly legal, the enormous volume of the trade made it practically unneutral. We ourselves felt quite angry when a single German munition ship was approaching Mexico in 1914, though there was only a possibility that we might encounter the shells with which it was freighted. What our feelings would be if the positions of Germany and ourselves were reversed today I can hardly imagine.

The inhumanity of the whole business is manifest. If anyone had foretold in 1913, that, in case of a great world war, our function would be to grow rich on trade in arms, no doubt it would have been treated as slanderous.

I believe in one way or another God will exact retribution for what we have done. Already a number of evil effects have resulted.

First. We have left a cruel and unfriendly memory with the German and Austrian nations, which they will never forget, and which may play a very important part in international relations at some critical time.

Second. We have put a heavy burden on the loyalty of those of our citizens and inhabitants who sympathize with the Central Powers, through racial feeling.

Third. We have made it impossible for ourselves to object if, in case of a war against us, any nation will supply our antagonist with munitions.

Fourth. We have raised a new generation of millionaires, and have fed the propertied classes with easy profits, which have increased the general predatory inclinations by their size and by their cruelty.*

Fifth. We have enormously increased the economic forces pushing toward militarism.

Sixth. In so far as our enormous preparedness program is due to the fear that Germany may attack us, this financial burden is a direct penalty for the munition trade. If we had followed the same policy as Holland, we should not be in the position of fearing the hatred or revenge of those whom we had wronged.

Seventh. In order to justify our action, we have done a lot of lying and prevaricating, and shall have to continue in a course of misrepresentation in order to save our face in all discussions of the war in years to come.

I suppose it would be easy to add to this list. You have my warm sympathy in your steadfast opposition to the epidemic of militarism which has come upon us.

WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH.

Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

*In 1914 only 44 persons paid a tax on an income over $1,000,000 a year; in 1916 the number had risen to 120, and it is expected that it will rise to 240 by next year. The total income tax has risen in one year from twenty-six to sixty-seven million dollars.—ED. NOTE.

Another Christmas

There is no way to stop it—this return of Christmas. It will break upon the world once more with its song, "Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth among men of good will." That so many a land is stained with blood, that battles rage in which millions of men, brothers all, are killing each other by every means the brain of man can devise, will make no difference. Christmas will come.

"Christmas!" One can almost imagine the world saying to it, "What are you? Who believes in you? Who ever heard your message? Little use have this world's children for your gentle words of good will and peace! Blood and iron and ill-will and death—these are the words with which our ears are filled!"

But still the Day will dawn as for two thousand years. Its message will steal down through all the roar and din of war, and millions of hearts will hear it and know that against its celestial music jars the wild clamor of strife and war,—know that it is only because men have not believed the message or received the messenger that they have called good evil and evil good,—know that, after all, love is stronger than hate.

While the war lasts men and nations are growing asunder. There are threats of a hate that will outlive the war and renew it in the realm of trade.

This is the supreme hour for the men of good will. The past they cannot recall—the future then can save.

Above all, let this land be generous in deed and word toward healing the wounds that war has made. No matter where our sympathies—the people of each contending nation are worthy our friendship and our honor. Never did the world so need the Spirit of Christmas as today.

Our Dumb Animals. *F. H. R.*

THE TOUCH OF LOVING HANDS.

Light falls the rain-drop on the fallen leaf,
And light o'er harvest plain and garnered sheaf—
But lighter falls the touch of loving hands.

Light falls the dusk of mild midsummer night
And light the first star's faltering lance of light
On glimmering,—but lightlier loving hands.

And light the feathery flake of early snows,
Or wisp of thistle-down that no wind blows,
And light the dew,—but lightlier loving hands.

Light falling dusk, or dew, or summer rain,
Or down of snow, of thistle—all are vain,—
Far lightlier falls the touch of loving hands.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

"The rich man is merely one who has something to spare, and the really poor one he who has nothing over. If you can give anything, you are rich. Try it!"

"I don't find I get through any more work by tumblin' out o' bed't sun-up 'n I dew 'f I lay a spell 'n let the universe get het up 'n runnin' a leetle mite."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

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The Forum mailed last week ten thousand circulars, their preliminary announcement for 1916-17, the major part of which is here reproduced for the information of our readers.

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Andre Tridon of New York.

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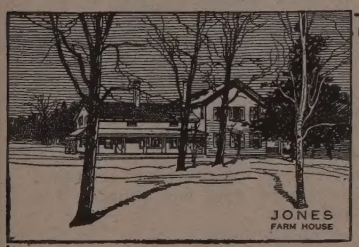

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It is a splendid piece of work and I hope it may reach a large audience.
PROF. ARNOLD B. HALL,
Sec'y Wis. Peace Society.

I thank you very much for sending me Mr. Jones' attractive new work; we have begun reading it at Chicago Commons Vespers, so that all may share the pleasure it is giving me. GRAHAM TAYLOR.

I read the articles as they appeared in UNITY, and rejoice over having them in book form. L. E. STEARNS, Milwaukee,
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I read some of these noble addresses when they first appeared, and I am particularly glad to have them in book form.
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I sat up into the wee small hours, reading with increasing interest, and wondering how the author did it. Sleep demanded its toll before I had finished the last two chapters. I cannot find words to say with what joy I read those last pages on the following morning.
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